

The Elkhorn Advocate.

VOL. 2.

ELKHORN, MAN., THURSDAY, DEC. 28, 1893.

NO. 3

Washakada Indian Homes, INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENTS.

CARPENTER SHOP

Buggies, Backboards, Cutters, Wagons, Carts, made to order and repaired. Window Frames, Door Frames, etc., made to order, and all kinds of repairing of Furniture done on the shortest notice.

CONTRACTS TAKEN FOR THE ERECTION OF BUILDINGS IN TOWN

ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

JOHN SIMINGTON.

Foreman.

BOOT AND SHOE SHOP.

FINE BOOTS and SHOES made to order.

AND REPAIRS NEATLY DONE.

STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS WORK. PRICES MODERATE.

(Cripple Boots a specialty.)

As the above work is done by first-class workmen we guarantee you entire satisfaction in all the latest styles.

Before purchasing elsewhere send for price list and directions, how to measure your own foot, and we will be happy to furnish you with full particulars.

R. B. WE KEEP SAMPLES OF MOUNTED POLICE BOOTS
ALWAYS ON HAND.J. R. DUKE,
Foreman

TAILOR SHOP.

Tailoring done in all its branches.

GENTLEMAN'S SUITS made to order.

Over 500 pieces to choose from,

good fit and good Workmanship Guaranteed.

CLOTHES REPAIRED, CLEANED and PRESSED.

Parties bringing their own material can have
same made up to order.JOHN PRESTON
Foreman.

PRINTING OFFICE.

All Kinds of Plain and Fancy Job Work neatly and Promptly Executed at Reasonable Prices.

Bill Heads, Letter Heads, Note Heads, Statement Papers, Business Cards, Fusters and Wedding Cards, Entertainment Tickets, Programmes, Invitations, Cards, etc.

W. J. THOMPSON,
Foreman.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE
ADVOCATE.

THE ELKHORN ADVOCATE.

Issued every Thursday afternoon from the office of publication, Bradley's Block, Elkhorn, Man.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$1 Per Annum

Published by the Washakada Indian Homes.

W. J. THOMPSON, Editor.

MARRIAGE.

(Communicated.)

Legally in all Protestant countries marriage is regarded as a civil contract only—the conjugal union of one man with one woman. Custom and the romance connected with the interesting event has given it a sacredness which lifts it above a mere agreement. In this country magistrates, equally with clergymen, have a right to perform the ceremony. A mere

legal wedding however is regarded with disfavor among the people and a clergyman usually officiates. Marriage has developed from a barbarous union of the sexes to be the most tender, sacred and important relation in human affairs. There is a vast difference between the rude and forcible seizure of a wife, as in former ages, and the romance thrown around the affair in our own time and country. Contrast with the tender romances of the present day, the seizure of the Sabine women by the Romans. When Romulus invited all who would, to settle in his new town (Rome) men came in abundance but no women. He applied to the neighboring communities of Latins and Sabines to obtain wives for his subjects. The request was indignantly rejected. Romulus then invited his neighbors to a feast in honor of the god Neptune, and while the strangers watched the games, the Romans seized their daughters and carried them off.

As time went on marriage by capture gave place to marriage by purchase which is still in existence among some of our native tribes. At one time an annual marriage market was held at Babylon where every marriageable girl was put up for sale once a year at public auction. The pretty girls naturally found more ready purchasers so the price for the pretty ones was turned into the treasury to be used as a dowry for their less fortunate sisters. The Roman custom was very romantic and more in accord with our nineteenth century ideas. When 'two hearts beat as one' and they were ready to make public announcements of the interesting fact they did so in the presence of ten witnesses. Then on the day of the marriage the woman was conducted to the house of her betrothed with a veil over her face and a distaff in her hand. Entering the house, accompanied by three attendants, she placed herself upon a deer-skin rug, spread just inside the door and called her future husband who came forward and presented her with the key of his house. Then together they touched fire and water in token of purity and fidelity and were declared man and wife by the sanction of the gods and the legal authorities.

The practice of jumping a broomstick, as in the marriage of Pocahontas and John Rolfe, was, no doubt, short and practical, but will scarcely commend itself to the present generation. In Japan, note, but blood relations are allowed to witness the ceremony. 'The bride takes no notice of her husband except, indeed, amiability and housewifely ability, which constitute the very best dowry any woman can carry to the man she marries.'

The Russian matrimony is rude and boisterous—in accord with the character of the people.

'Unfit for rapture' or if ruptures chirp. On some high festival of once a year, in wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire till buried in debouch the bliss expire.'

In sharp contrast to this is the scene of love and enjoyment at a Dutch wedding. The ancient Hebrew wedding was a very elaborate and brilliant affair and is often referred to in scripture, illustrating some of the most tender and sacred truths in the Bible.

May these happy events continue as they have been, surrounded with that halo of tenderness and romance which the eternal fates of things seem to call for.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Great Curling Competition—Successful Carnival—Glorious Weather.

The Christmas of 1893 is a matter of history. The Elkhorn one, while leaving behind recollections of weariness and fatigue through the skating and epicurean dissipation of the occasion, has also left behind pleasant reminiscences that will long linger in the minds of both seniors and juniors. Of course all were unanimously agreed that but for the curling and skating rink, the festive season, apart from the turkey fight, would have been a tame affair. One unusual feature about the occasion however, was the salubrious weather, with which not even the most inveterate croaker could find fault, which induced most of the citizens to turn out to participate in the day's enjoyments.

Beyond the morning's curling match the interest was not very manifest, and beyond a few fellow curlers who turned out to shout for the Irish, who were beaten by the Canadians, few put in an appearance. The former wore green ribbon and the immortal Shamrock, while the Canadians wore Tan o' Shanters on their heads, and a maple leaf in their button hole. In the afternoon however, the interest and crowd was greater. About one hundred turned out to see the skating and to yell for the English who were badly beaten by the sons of 'broom and heather.' In this contest the Scotch wore Tan o' Shanters and Scotch plaid, while the Englishmen wore plus hats on their heads and had their button holes adorned with the emblematic rose. But the evening was the climax of the days proceedings, which was a fine opportunity of working off the dissipation of the numerous diners certain epicures were said to have participated in. First and foremost of course came the play of competition between the Scotch and Canadians for the silver spoon trophy, which every loyal Canadian naturally, expected would result in favor of the maple leaf.

Next but not least came the carnival, which owing to the extraordinary fine weather, the holiday season, and probably partly to the bad times, was a greater success than any previous one. To describe the gay scenes and to individualize the galaxy of characters and the variety of faces is beyond our poor pen, and although the costumes in point of excellence of get up were perhaps somewhat inferior to the first carnival given a year ago, yet the display was imposing and very original. The most noticeable character to be seen was the porter at the door, the comical fat man, who could be seen by the short-sighted Oxford men, with mortar board hat and gown, without the assistance of his apparently useless eye glass and as much resembled a brown frog as that comical porter at the door resembled our comical friend George. Another Oxford Don for sometime concealed his identification, but was eventually recognized as our popular Methodist minister. Several tramps appeared on the scene as is usual on these occasions, and one more triumphant than the rest was labelled with a ticket announcing him as the winner of the third prize, which made Mr. John Evans the happy possessor of a season ticket. Miss Kate Angus in a very neat and effective costume representing Eastern Night, was the winner of the second prize for best costume. Miss M. McLeod was regarded as the best skater in costume and secured first prize. The Indian costume appeared as usual to be the most popular as far as numbers were concerned. Amongst them several of the boys and girls from 'Our Indian Homes' appearing in their natural costumes. Mr. Jno. McLeod in his Indian costume well represented another while four or five of our citizens with their plug hats and walking canes represented the English idle.

In passing we must not omit to mention the excellent costumes of the children, which certainly well deserves mention, especially Ruby Feilde and Bert Johnson. 'Mamma's big grown up fat baby boy' in the person of our friend Ned, while not exactly belonging to this group, is most conveniently noticed here as elsewhere. But as our readers will be particularly interested in the costumes of the children, we must restrain and wind up by congratulating the costumers on the excellent character of their costumes, and wish that they may have been awarded a prize this year.

The Elkhorn string band disengaged sweet music at intervals during the day from the band stand in the centre of the building, and the Indian Home brass band gave an exhibition of their mastery over the big instruments.

The following is a list of the names of those who appeared in costume as far as our reporter was able to procure:

Miss E. Martine, Queen of Hearts

Miss Feilde, Santa Claus

Mr. Carwin, Spanish lady

Mr. John McLeod, soldier

Mr. A. Aspinwall, dude

Mr. D. Cavanagh, Jockey

Mr. W. Simington, Indian Chief

Mr. Gilbert, Highlander

Mr. Jas. McLeod, dude

Mr. G. Broadley, Oxford Don

Mr. B. Clark, dude

Mr. J. Cole, colored gentleman

Mr. J. Brigham

Rev. Talbot, Graduate

Mr. Ned Burns, Mamma's fat baby boy

John Evans, tramp

W. J. Thompson, dude

Miss M. McLeod won 1st prize as best skater in costume. (Silver cup.)

Miss K. Angus won 2nd prize for best costume. (Pair silver plated plates.)

Mr. John Evans won 3rd prize for best comic dress. (Season skating ticket.)

COMMUNICATIONS.

(We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinion of our correspondents.)

THE BARNARD BOYS.

To the Editor of the Advocate.

DEAR SIR—I have to thank you for your very kind editorial of a few days ago relating to our work in your section of the province. I was somewhat surprised at the apparently unfair and cruel words contained in the presentation of the grand jury at Brandon in November last. However I am now informed that a number if not all the members of this tribunal were under the impression that the young Canadian lad, Hill, of Virden, before them on a charge of murder, was one of our young fellows; if this is the case these gentlemen were culpable in their rash and unfortunate remarks, for it is not often, I trust, in this land of free schools and industrial missionaries that a Canadian lad is found so ignorant and utterly depraved as the unfortunate poisoner of the late Mr. Greaves appears from his mother's evidence to be. I find you are quite correct in your statements and misdeeds of nearly all English lads no matter under whose auspices they have been brought to Canada, are laid upon the doorstep of Dr. Barnardo, and this is not to be wondered at owing to the great scope of the work under his direction, and it may be of interest to you to hear that since the inception of the scheme of immigration to Canada a few years ago, nearly 900 lads and lasses have crossed the Golden Bridge out of darkness as regards a future livelihood, into a country said to offer prospects to industrious youths and an ever ready and hearty welcome to all creditable strangers through the efforts of this practical friend of the poor and his thousands of supporters.

Are these youthful workers wanted in Canada? The people answer this question by pouring into the agencies in Ontario fifteen times as many applications as can be filed from four and five parties of young colonists per year, and the books of the Manitoba Farm show applications during 1893 to the number of four hundred and eighty, while we have been enabled through lack of numbers to supply only eighty of these desirable and trustworthy employees of labor.

I may sum up the situation by saying that our work in this province needs no defender where it is understood, and as a proof that this is true we point out with pride the fact that our warmest friends are our nearest neighbors.

Thanking you again Mr. Editor for your kind and humane view of our position, I beg to remain,

Yours Respectfully,

E. A. STRAUHER,

Agent for Dr. Barnardo.

Dr. Barnardo's Homes, Manitoba Farm.

Russell, Dec. 21, 1893.

To the Editor of the Advocate.

DEAR SIR—I thank you for your specimen copy of the new ADVOCATE (which I was privileged to acknowledge last week,) and congratulate you upon the character of your initial number, and wish you every success. I was exceedingly pleased also at the reporting you gave the Brandon jury about the Barnardo boys who came in for so much adverse

criticism. The percentage of boys

that have failed are smaller in comparison to any other society that exists, and considering the class from which they have been rescued, this speaks volumes, and Dr. Barnardo is entitled to our highest regard for the work in which he is engaged.

But the treatment that many Barnardo boys receive is sufficient of itself to make an ordinary Englishman or Canadian that was in the least inclined to evil, gravitate in that direction. When these poor lads rescued from that sort of themselves and the golden gulf is used in their training instead of the birth-rite, there will be even fewer failures among them.

If the same protest was made against this Northwest being used as a dumping ground for those emphytic headed, whisky,

besotted and foul mouthed English dukes who are sent out of the way to save the family disgrace, as there is against these Barnardo boys who are far less criminal as a class than they, we could more easily regard the criticism just than in the present case.

Respectfully Yours,
AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR,
Assiniboine Hills, Dec. 23, 1893.

The Skating Rink,

To the Editor of the Advocate.

DEAR SIR—Allow me through your columns to enter my protest against the way in which the ice on the skating rink is kept. For the past three or four nights it has been so rough that it is almost impossible for folks to get along on it. I think that Mr. Broadley ought to see that it is looked after a little better, if only from a financial stand point, I am not the only individual who is kicking, for my kick don't amount to anything, having purchased a season ticket.

SUBSCRIBER.

BRANDON

MARBLE AND GRANITE WORKS.

SOMERVILLE & CO.,

DEALERS IN

Marble and Granite Monuments,

Headstones, Cemetery Fencing, Mantels

Pieces, Tablets, etc.

ROSSER AVENUE,

Brandon, Man.

Canadian Pacific

Railway.

EXCURSIONS TO THE EAST,

Nov 21st

Dec. 31st.

\$40

Montreal, Toronto, Suspension Bridge, Ottawa, etc.

Tickets good for 3 Months.

Upholstered Tourist cars on all trains. Rate to Toronto or Montreal \$7 per double berth.

AUSTRALIA

FROM VANCOUVER

S. S. Arawa December 16

S. S. Warrinor January 10

C. F. TRAVIS, Agent, Elkhorn.

ROBERT KERR,

General Passenger Agent, Winnipeg.

—THE—

ORIGINAL

MEAT MARKET.

Next to Bradley's Lumber Yard.

Fresh Beef, Pork and Mutton

Always on hand.

Home-Cured Hams and Bacon

BOLOGNA SAUSAGE.

FRESH FISH.

Highest Cash Price for DRESSED HOGS, BEEF CATTLE AND PIGS.

T. D. CAVANAGH

Proprietor

LAUGH AND LEARN.

Greece has 27,000 sailors. Japan will build 14 railways. London has 60,000 telephones. A submarine gas stove is now. Kansas City anticipates \$1 gas. Calcutta has a make laboratory. Roads lead the world in horses. A black fox's skin is worth \$1,000. Indians make blankets from back. Chicago repairs 2,000 saloon failures. Princess May has a gold mouse trap. California wins favor in Europe. Ireland has 2,500,000 acres of bog land. Americans have cost \$300,000,000 a year. Germany has a railway dating from 1825. London theatres employ 15,000 persons. Great Britain makes 800,000 pianos a year. Californians object to Japanese immigration. Belgium has 150,000 saloons and 5,000 schools. Liberia yearly exports 1,000,000 pounds of coffee. The Chicago-New York telephone covers 950 miles. Germany sends the States 100,000 canary birds a year. The standing man's business is best when he goes on a strike. The sculptor is generally fishing for fame when he makes a cast. Great Britain's capital in U. S. railway amounts to \$500,000,000. The unicycle is expected by an inventor to go a mile in 20 seconds. A Scotch farmer has arranged to do all his work by an electric motor. The army worm has cost the States more than the Revolutionary War. The popular pianist finds little difficulty in reading his notes by heart. No, Charlie Argus, we have never heard that yeast would raise side whiskers.

There is enough iron in the blood of 45 men to make a 24-pound ploughshare. No man has ever died the young man would be wise to his daughter.

Alumination is to be used on the successive parts of the German army to decrease the weight.

"I am going," said the old lady, "to the opera. I want to hear the new American Balladists."

Professor A.—When do you regard as the greatest linguist of the age? Professor B.—Mrs. B.

A speck of gold, weighing the millionth part of a grain, may be easily seen by the naked eye.

It is estimated that last year 1,285,000,000 hats were consumed in the United States alone.

Thinner than these paper are sheets of iron that run 4,800 to an inch, recently rolled in Wales.

Since 1870, the world's production of meat has increased 57 per cent, that of grain 42 per cent.

A new invention is an attachment for a horse's bridle, by means of which the animal may carry a lamp on its head.

An English woman has employed 25 pairs of Irish women's lace 1885 in making a copy of an old piece of Byssus tapestry.

In the production of glass jewels, Human hair is the world. The hair is done almost entirely by hand in the United States.

"Always speak well of your neighbor," "I always do, although I can assure you she is the meanest woman in creation."

Jack—I declare, it's "Sax" isn't getting gray. Jee—No wonder, poor thing; she has had so much trouble to conceal her age.

First Blitzy—Did dat swat I give ye in the jaw hurt? Second Blitzy—What swat? First B.—Dat swat. Second B.—Dat's what.

The Actor—I say, Jane, what is the difference between a billiard and a boating bill? Jane—Well, you can't jump the billiard board.

But it Didn't Work—Wife—John, it was 1 when you came into the house last night. Husband—And you were the one I came home to, darling.

—Ha, at the play, in response to some bit of surprising news—Yours to take my breath away. She—So glad! You won't need a clew at the end of the act.

Kasper says that of clergymen, 42 per cent reach 70 years; of lawyers 40; merchants, 33; editors and clerks 32; lawyers, 29; physicians, 23; pharmacists, 24.

There is a fireproof covering for wall, composed of asbestos sheets, softened by steaming, embossed by rollers and dried and painted or otherwise decorated.

She—Oh, yes, I quite believe there's a feel in every family. Don't you?—Well—our opinion's rather biased. You see I'm the only member of our family.

Directors of physical culture say that heavy dumbbells do more harm than good, as they strain the heart and lungs to well as the muscles they are supposed to fit.

"It's a very happy little family, isn't it?" "Oh, don't you see?—Well, you can't judge of her position and her people is jealous of her babies and the baby cries for its father all the time."

Blibia—Did you ever know Hobbs was a Mokin of have many Slobbs? You're joking. Blibia—No, I'm not. He used to give out the return checks to the thirty crowd, a theatre door.

Mamma—Johnny, see that you give Ethel the men of that orange. Johnny—Yours? Ethel—Mamma, I have given you my orange. Johnny—Well, that's all right; now don't eat oranges.

Applause—Then the employees of this department don't have to pass the Civil Service examination? Government official—No, indeed. We require bright, active, intelligent men for our work.

The most noted shot among English women is Lady Eva Gail, wife of Captain Wyndham, head presenter to the Court of Duxbury. She has killed in full-grown women from a full shelter of a howdah.

It is not exactly nice for girls to kiss one another on the street, in a public place. Valiant women and girls who don't know any better do exchange caresses in public, but gallant men and well-bred girls are circumstanced.

The Tenant of the Second Flat (cont'd.)—I think you never heard of the fact that most of your family played the piano? The Tenant of the Third Flat—They don't play the piano. Why, they're all only beginning to learn now.

The Emperor of Russia is very fond of the double-bladed or rye bread, so called, of the old country. During His Majesty's visit to Denmark the cooks there had to bread every day, and when in Russia a loaf is sent to Russia every fifth day.

The impudent youth now sheet upon

the incisive delicacy yolk of fish ball, and indulges in gorgeous neckties and mad drinks, for very the time, as he practises when he may, the art of the Christmas gift for one's fayre maiden.

"What do you call that there thing you ride up here on?" asked the farmer man of the youth who had stopped to get a drink of water at the well. "It is a bicycle." "Seems to me," said the old man, "that I'd rather have a wife married. When you're a virgin you sit down in the sun when you get tired of pushing the thing."

PROGRESS IN ONE LIFETIME.

Now They Travelled and What They Were Sixty Years Ago.

When I compare the past with the present, it is such a rapid, real when certain and continuous changes that have taken place within my recollection. Electricity will soon be running through my native township impelled by a universal and vast power. People, too, are with each other while many are scattered.

These have all been accomplished through the thinking capacity and the capability of the insect, man. How bewildering it is to step over, or leave out, sixty or seventy years of one's lifetime from boyhood to old age.

"Jesus" there is a highly dramatic account of a fight for life with an ostrich, and it is historically correct. In fighting they are apt to break their own legs, they give such desperate blows. Indeed, it would seem as if all the vital organs of the great bird were centered in its long, ungainly legs, which are graceful only when going across their native grass-covered plains with a rapidity which must be seen to be appreciated.

I am only rehearsing a few of the incidents of life which have been of interest to me since the days of Job "which leaveth her eggs in the earth and warmeth them in the dust." It would appear to be an evidence of cunning rather than stupidity for Mrs. Owsich to adopt this very simple method of incubation.

However, it has been arranged, for the white-necked crane, spies the unguarded nests since, was, except in a few cases, with whom the ostriches. Each of these farms is an island on which the inhabitants live within themselves and quite independent of the outside world, as far as manufacturing was concerned. True, the itinerant tailor and shoe-maker made their yearly rounds, and the local blacksmith had the only shop in the village.

He would repair the iron placed to support the wooden ploughs, and the miller took his toll (12) and the distiller his (8); and the banner also dressed him into leather "on halve."

"Well, and flax were grown, spun and woven at home, very little of which was sold outside. The uncooked flax was cleaned by hand, and the stalks were stripped of the seed, and then the stalks were broken and the stones. Pinch! An egg is broken and he descends to his feet. This is said to be the same kind of a raven that fed the prophet Elijah. The wisdom seems almost of a supernatural order.

It is said that they are of an ostrich in like manner as the crane and the Heronets often run from it in flight until they see the bird.

The ostrich is a generous layer. Sixty eggs will be found in and around a single nest. One of these eggs is equal to twenty-four hen's eggs. In Heth, the ostrich is a bird of prey, and the ostriches are said to be the sharp edge of an upright board. This was a very dirty job, but every field was to be ploughed, removed, and each hand laid straight and carefully aside ready for the women and girls; as their leisure, to begin their gossiping while applying the fibre to the hatches, by which all the coarse and broken parts would be removed from the tail, and the spines.

Wade the ostrich has absolutely no brain—see Job for authority that he has vicious propensities that show some sort of wicked intelligence. Some Cape Town people had a few flocks in a special coop near an ostrich kraal. A boy, who was a child of a young girl, was visiting a sis where a large ostrich snatched his kid gloves, which were rolled into a ball, and ate them. The next day the girl returned with the family contribution of half a dozen pairs of gloves, all of which were as ready to be used as when she had taken them.

The wants of our nature are cheaply supplied. And the flocks are plenty and cheap.

On the part simple means of locomotion and the poor primitive means of supplying the wants of the people with the fewest possible advantages for ministering to our ever increasing wants. What a change! A division of labor system and mechanical ingenuity, and the means of the immediate past.

"As if by magi," saluted the "wild" drama of those who have gone before us.

Also I almost all these thousand advantages loom the improved awful engine of human destruction. Will war cease when civilization is certain to these engaged?

B. R. New, 1893.

The Magic of Compound Interest.

The Baronets of Mittenwald, a town in the Mark of Brandenburg, have found some old records bearing the date of the years 1663 and 1649, the former being a record made by the town of Brandenburg, the second the town of Mittenwald, and the second of funds advanced by that town to the then reigning prince, the Elector Joachim II. It is reckoned that, taking compound interest into account, the debt would at present represent a sum of 3,500 millions of dollars, and it is to be noted that the progress of industry, putting forward the standard of living, is to be measured by the increase in the value of the debts.

Old Lightning belonged to an ostrich in a farm at East Dingo, and was a magnifico's bird. He acquired his name from the rapidity with which he could pluck a lighted cigar or pipe from a visitor's mouth, a remarkable feat, and a most dangerous manner which he could discover.

The nettle in which he could steep up behind one and then nip some personal property was remarkable.

He was a natural born thief. Once he snatched all the flowers off a young lady's hat. At another time he attempted to steal a diamond ring from a woman's finger, but he consented, looking so dejected that some visitors remarked it must be han-pecked.

"Oh," laughed the host, "he is han-pecked," and they soon saw him receive a staggering blow from his gentle spouse who sent him with drooping feathers into a corner.

Old Lightning belonged to an ostrich in a farm at East Dingo, and was a magnifico's bird. He acquired his name from the rapidity with which he could pluck a lighted cigar or pipe from a visitor's mouth, a remarkable feat, and a most dangerous manner which he could discover.

The nettle in which he could steep up behind one and then nip some personal property was remarkable.

He was a natural born thief. Once he snatched all the flowers off a young lady's hat. At another time he attempted to steal a diamond ring from a woman's finger, but he consented, looking so dejected that some visitors remarked it must be han-pecked.

"Oh," laughed the host, "he is han-pecked," and they soon saw him receive a staggering blow from his gentle spouse who sent him with drooping feathers into a corner.

Old Lightning belonged to an ostrich in a farm at East Dingo, and was a magnifico's bird. He acquired his name from the rapidity with which he could pluck a lighted cigar or pipe from a visitor's mouth, a remarkable feat, and a most dangerous manner which he could discover.

The nettle in which he could steep up behind one and then nip some personal property was remarkable.

He was a natural born thief. Once he snatched all the flowers off a young lady's hat. At another time he attempted to steal a diamond ring from a woman's finger, but he consented, looking so dejected that some visitors remarked it must be han-pecked.

"Oh," laughed the host, "he is han-pecked," and they soon saw him receive a staggering blow from his gentle spouse who sent him with drooping feathers into a corner.

Old Lightning belonged to an ostrich in a farm at East Dingo, and was a magnifico's bird. He acquired his name from the rapidity with which he could pluck a lighted cigar or pipe from a visitor's mouth, a remarkable feat, and a most dangerous manner which he could discover.

The nettle in which he could steep up behind one and then nip some personal property was remarkable.

He was a natural born thief. Once he snatched all the flowers off a young lady's hat. At another time he attempted to steal a diamond ring from a woman's finger, but he consented, looking so dejected that some visitors remarked it must be han-pecked.

The nettle in which he could steep up behind one and then nip some personal property was remarkable.

THE OSTRICH DANCE.

It Has a Song Like a Lion's Roar and an Omnivorous Taste.

A NATURAL BORN THIEF.

The dance of the ostrich is one of those peculiar native dances which certain forms develop without any apparent incentive except it may be the love of herding. It usually occurs at early morning, when the young birds are let out of their enclosures, and is said to be entirely due to awkwardness and uncertainty. Indeed, it would be advance and sure, a drowsy-like dance, as they are against and frantic as they are about, snatching their motions by their outspread wings.

They circle and reverse almost as a walker would, and when a large number of these strange birds go through their dancing, it is impossible to believe that they have not been taught the accomplishment.

They walk each other's legs, which are certain death, or become dizzy and fall down in a demoralized heap. The kick of an ostrich has all been accomplished through the thinking capacity and the capability of the insect, man.

"Jesus" there is a highly dramatic account of a fight for life with an ostrich, and it is historically correct. In fighting they are apt to break their own legs, they give such desperate blows. Indeed, it would seem as if all the vital organs of the great bird were centered in its long, ungainly legs, which are graceful only when going across their native grass-covered plains with a rapidity which must be seen to be appreciated.

I am only rehearsing a few of the incidents of life which have been of interest to me since the days of Job "which leaveth her eggs in the earth and warmeth them in the dust."

It would appear to be an evidence of cunning rather than stupidity for Mrs. Owsich to adopt this very simple method of incubation.

However, it has been arranged, for the white-necked crane, spies the unguarded nests since, was, except in a few cases, with whom the ostriches.

They circle and reverse almost as a walker would, and when a large number of these strange birds go through their dancing, it is impossible to believe that they have not been taught the accomplishment.

They walk each other's legs, which are certain death, or become dizzy and fall down in a demoralized heap. The kick of an ostrich has all been accomplished through the thinking capacity and the capability of the insect, man.

"Jesus" there is a highly dramatic account of a fight for life with an ostrich, and it is historically correct. In fighting they are apt to break their own legs, they give such desperate blows. Indeed, it would seem as if all the vital organs of the great bird were centered in its long, ungainly legs, which are graceful only when going across their native grass-covered plains with a rapidity which must be seen to be appreciated.

I am only rehearsing a few of the incidents of life which have been of interest to me since the days of Job "which leaveth her eggs in the earth and warmeth them in the dust."

It would appear to be an evidence of cunning rather than stupidity for Mrs. Owsich to adopt this very simple method of incubation.

However, it has been arranged, for the white-necked crane, spies the unguarded nests since, was, except in a few cases, with whom the ostriches.

They circle and reverse almost as a walker would, and when a large number of these strange birds go through their dancing, it is impossible to believe that they have not been taught the accomplishment.

They walk each other's legs, which are certain death, or become dizzy and fall down in a demoralized heap. The kick of an ostrich has all been accomplished through the thinking capacity and the capability of the insect, man.

"Jesus" there is a highly dramatic account of a fight for life with an ostrich, and it is historically correct. In fighting they are apt to break their own legs, they give such desperate blows. Indeed, it would seem as if all the vital organs of the great bird were centered in its long, ungainly legs, which are graceful only when going across their native grass-covered plains with a rapidity which must be seen to be appreciated.

I am only rehearsing a few of the incidents of life which have been of interest to me since the days of Job "which leaveth her eggs in the earth and warmeth them in the dust."

It would appear to be an evidence of cunning rather than stupidity for Mrs. Owsich to adopt this very simple method of incubation.

However, it has been arranged, for the white-necked crane, spies the unguarded nests since, was, except in a few cases, with whom the ostriches.

They circle and reverse almost as a walker would, and when a large number of these strange birds go through their dancing, it is impossible to believe that they have not been taught the accomplishment.

They walk each other's legs, which are certain death, or become dizzy and fall down in a demoralized heap. The kick of an ostrich has all been accomplished through the thinking capacity and the capability of the insect, man.

"Jesus" there is a highly dramatic account of a fight for life with an ostrich, and it is historically correct. In fighting they are apt to break their own legs, they give such desperate blows. Indeed, it would seem as if all the vital organs of the great bird were centered in its long, ungainly legs, which are graceful only when going across their native grass-covered plains with a rapidity which must be seen to be appreciated.

I am only rehearsing a few of the incidents of life which have been of interest to me since the days of Job "which leaveth her eggs in the earth and warmeth them in the dust."

It would appear to be an evidence of cunning rather than stupidity for Mrs. Owsich to adopt this very simple method of incubation.

However, it has been arranged, for the white-necked crane, spies the unguarded nests since, was, except in a few cases, with whom the ostriches.

They circle and reverse almost as a walker would, and when a large number of these strange birds go through their dancing, it is impossible to believe that they have not been taught the accomplishment.

They walk each other's legs, which are certain death, or become dizzy and fall down in a demoralized heap. The kick of an ostrich has all been accomplished through the thinking capacity and the capability of the insect, man.

"Jesus" there is a highly dramatic account of a fight for life with an ostrich, and it is historically correct. In fighting they are apt to break their own legs, they give such desperate blows. Indeed, it would seem as if all the vital organs of the great bird were centered in its long, ungainly legs, which are graceful only when going across their native grass-covered plains with a rapidity which must be seen to be appreciated.

I am only rehearsing a few of the incidents of life which have been of interest to me since the days of Job "which leaveth her eggs in the earth and warmeth them in the dust."

It would appear to be an evidence of cunning rather than stupidity for Mrs. Owsich to adopt this very simple method of incubation.

However, it has been arranged, for the white-necked crane, spies the unguarded nests since, was, except in a few cases, with whom the ostriches.

They circle and reverse almost as a walker would, and when a large number of these strange birds go through their dancing, it is impossible to believe that they have not been taught the accomplishment.

They walk each other's legs, which are certain death, or become dizzy and fall down in a demoralized heap. The kick of an ostrich has all been accomplished through the thinking capacity and the capability of the insect, man.

"Jesus" there is a highly dramatic account of a fight for life with an ostrich, and it is historically correct. In fighting they are apt to break their own legs, they give such desperate blows. Indeed, it would seem as if all the vital organs of the great bird were centered in its long, ungainly legs, which are graceful only when going across their native grass-covered plains with a rapidity which must be seen to be appreciated.

I am only rehearsing a few of the incidents of life which have been of interest to me since the days of Job "which leaveth her eggs in the earth and warmeth them in the dust."

SEDENTARY OCCUPATION.

Black down and much exercise, ought to have Dr. Pierrot's Pleasant Pellets to go with it. They absolutely cure Constipation. One tiny, sugar-coated Pellet is a corrective, a regulator, a gentle laxative.

They are the smallest, the easiest to take, the most comfortable, the most agreeable. They are a great laxative.

They are a great laxative. Dr. Pierrot's Pleasant Pellets to go with it. They are a great laxative.

They are a great laxative. Dr. Pierrot's Pleasant Pellets to go with it. They are a great laxative.

They are a great laxative. Dr. Pierrot's Pleasant Pellets to go with it. They are a great laxative.

They are a great laxative. Dr. Pierrot's Pleasant Pellets to go with it. They are a great laxative.

They are a great laxative. Dr. Pierrot's Pleasant Pellets to go with it. They are a great laxative.

They are a great laxative. Dr. Pierrot's Pleasant Pellets to go with it. They are a great laxative.

They are a great laxative. Dr. Pierrot's Pleasant Pellets to go with it. They are a great laxative.

They are a great laxative. Dr. Pierrot's Pleasant Pellets to go with it. They

Wearin' for You.
Just a wearin' for you;
All the time you're away;
Wearin' for you wonderf' when
You'll be comin' home agen;
Just a wearin' for you;
I'll be comin' home to do
Just a wearin' for you!

Hearts so heavy with your care,
Empty by the drop on your chair;
I can't stand the sight of it!
But the world is gone now;
Just a wearin' for you!

Comes the wind, with soft caress,
Like the rustle of your dress;
Hear the birds sing, like the lark,
Betty like your foot it sounds;
Violets like your eyes so blue—
Just a wearin' for you!

Mornin' comes, the birds awake;
I hear the singing in the trees;
But there's sadness in the notes
That comes thru' from th' th' throat;
Just a wearin' for you, too—
Just a wearin' for you!

Evenin' comes; I may you more
Wher the rank grass growin' in the door;
Heems jes' you orier be
I'll be comin' home agen;
Just a wearin' for you!

Frank L. Stanton, Illinois Constitution.

Little girls.

Where have they gone to the little girls,
With nature's humor and natural cur'ry?
They're all in the world, and the world's a' gone,
And talk of somethin' besides the boys!

Little old women in plenty I find,
Mature in manners & a'nd in mind,
Little old girls who talk of "their" beans
And who talk each other in stylish clothes
In the sunlit, bright, long, long day;
Little old girls who know how to know;
Little old girls who are ready to play.
And laughed and rollicked the livin' day.

They thought not at all of the "style" of their
clothes.
They thought not at all of boys' "beans";
"Other girls' brothers" and "mates" were
They;
Splendid o'wls to help them play.

"There we've gone to! If
Over there, there you are to her and me.
I give a nod of purest god
To one of those little girls of old;
Who know not the meaning of "die" or
"style."

JULIA'S PROPOSAL.

THERE was a sewing circle and association in the littlest Chapel Church in Sion, Brook. The sewing circle had begun early in the afternoon, the older women had come with their best white aprons trimmed with knitted lace, and their needle books and thimbles in their pockets, and the younger girls around the great wood stove in the vestry. It was a cold day. They sewed until dusk, then they lit the lamps, warmed the tea and coffee, which had been brought ready-made in great cans, and set out the buttery biscuits, the cold meat, and the good pie. The young people began to sing.

Over the young girls, with their carefully-trimmed hair, and their shining braids at the back, gathered around the stove, the young men stood in a row, in a half-circle, group by group. Then they made a line, and Frank, when he entered, and he walked through them calmly, looking neither to the right nor left, and grinning at them. Greeted by young men in a sociable way was not in the social code of the girls of Sion, Brook. She was a very bright girl, with a healthy, broad, as a man's, face. She wore her best blue chintz dress with rows of velvet ribbons over the bust, her mother's two brooches, which was black, with a beautiful little bunch of pearl grapes upon it, and a white lace, which creased and shone.

There was a certain importance about her entrance. The young girls all stared around at her and whispered and several women in flaring white aprons spoke to her and asked where her mother was. Julia replied with dignity that her mother had a cold and had not thought it prudent to come.

"I suppose you all prepared," said one woman whose this, crimped hair was trained carefully over this, flushed cheek. She had a pile of plates under her arm, the plates were all broken, and she spoke with a certain mannerism.

"Goin' to speak to-night?" asked one of the girls after a little.

"Yes," said Julia.

"Don't you dread it?" asked another.

"Not a mite."

"I don't see how you do it."

The girls all stared at Julia as though in the air, but she did not seem to realize it. Her dark brown hair curled naturally, and she had brushed it back, wrinkling from her fresh-colored face with its rounded profile, and had tied it in a bunch at the back. She warned her hair to hang down, and down the girl's back, not to talk to her mother. She was in reality, although near their ages, a companion of theirs. She was an only child. She had lived alone with her parents, had never been to school nor associated with girls of her own age. The result was that she had been brought in contact with them—had to talk to them, and she had no system for that—but a desire like that of a woman of fifty. The girl falls away from the other girls, and they see it fall.

At the sat waiting, she looked calmly over the group of young men at the door. Mrs. Williams had come out to look at her children, and when she took him in, he was quite tall, and his shoulders sloped bonyly in his best coat. She looked steadily at him, and presently he turned his eyes toward her. He did not speak, nor did she, but he could see a wave of red wash over his long throat and his smooth face.

When they gathered around the supper table amid an embarrassed hush Julia turned herself away from the other young people, next the minister. When the blossoms had been paled by the minister, tawing over her, she looked around to see where Frank Williams was. He was sitting between two young girls at the lower end of the table. Julia sat back and ate a hearty supper. After supper, when the table was cleared away, the entertainment began. There was playing on the parlor organ, and singing, and then Julia Pek's voice.

"There we've gone to!" said Mrs. Williams, and she came into the room. Miss Julia Pek announced the minister, and Julia arose and went unashamedly in her sparkling shoes to the platform, took her position, bowed, and lifted up her voice. Her voice was heavy and low-pitched, and she spoke with a solemn intonation; now and then the quavered intonation; now and then a long drawn-out description of her dead and a tragic death; people had their hands clasped to their faces. When she

finished and stepped down from the platform there was a murmur of admiration all over the vestry—“Beautiful!” the women whispered to one another.

“There was more music, this time in all—and the subdued enthusiasm grew stronger. Julia Pek's speaking was held in great repute in Sion, Brook. It was quite generally believed that very few of the girls who “go around” could speak as well as she. Women had talked to Julia's mother about it, but Mrs. Pek had shaken her head. “There ain't any need of Julia's doing any such thing,” said she, with dignity. “I'll wait ‘till she's old enough to speak.”

“Julia! I that you!” called a voice from the sitting-room, and Julia went in hastily and closed the door. When she entered the sitting-room had mother then also been in the warm, light atmosphere, and the girl in the pink dress had passed the window with all with that of the sun. There was a curious majesty about Mrs. Pek's large figure and long face. She was her black hair in pincushions, water waves around her temples. She sat in a rocking chair as if it were a throne, and her hands were clasped in her lap. She had frozen on the sill. “Frank!” she called out, and the girl came to her in a minute; I want to see you.”

The young man hesitated. “I am just come to-morrow,” he called back. “Yes, I’ve got ready an’ go, I’ll come over any day. When do you want to be married?”

“I’ll wait until you’re ready.”

“I won’t keep you but just a minute.”

Frank turned up the path leading to the side door. Julia kicked off the ridge of snow on the sill, pushed to the door, and went round to let him in.

“I won’t keep you but just a minute.” Julia led him into the warm sitting room. She did not make him sit down; they stood confronting each other. Father and mother have gone to the village,” said she. “I’ve called you in because I wanted to ask you something, and it was a good chance.”

Frank was blushing; he looked down at his snowy boots, saw the snow melting on the carpet and thought fiercely to himself that did not care if it was spelled. He turned to the window.

“Now, I want you to tell me the truth. I think you’ve got to tell me the truth. You’ve known each other ever since we were children; you’re all the ones I’ve ever known outside this house. You know mother never let me go to school, never play with the girls. You lived next door to you, and she didn’t help it.”

“What is it you want to know, Julia?”

“I want to know why you don’t want to marry me?”

“What makes you act so, then?”

“I don’t feel well.”

“What makes you act so, then?”

“I don’t feel well enough.”

“What makes you act so, then?”

“I don’t feel well enough.”

“What makes you act so, then?”

“I don’t feel well enough.”

“What makes you act so, then?”

“I don’t feel well enough.”

“What makes you act so, then?”

“I don’t feel well enough.”

“What makes you act so, then?”

“I don’t feel well enough.”

“What makes you act so, then?”

“I don’t feel well enough.”

“What makes you act so, then?”

“I don’t feel well enough.”

“What makes you act so, then?”

“I don’t feel well enough.”

“What makes you act so, then?”

“I don’t feel well enough.”

“What makes you act so, then?”

“I don’t feel well enough.”

“What makes you act so, then?”

“I don’t feel well enough.”

“What makes you act so, then?”

“I don’t feel well enough.”

“What makes you act so, then?”

“I don’t feel well enough.”

“What makes you act so, then?”

“I don’t feel well enough.”

lived and stepped down from the platform there was a murmur of admiration all over the vestry—“Beautiful!” the women whispered to one another.

“There was more music, this time in all—and the subdued enthusiasm grew stronger.

Julia Pek's speaking was held in great repute in Sion, Brook. It was quite generally believed that very few of the girls who “go around” could speak as well as she. Women had talked to Julia's mother about it, but Mrs. Pek had shaken her head.

“There ain’t any need of Julia's doing any such thing,” said she, with dignity. “I’ll wait ‘till she’s old enough to speak.”

“Julia! I that you!” called a voice from the sitting-room, and Julia went in hastily and closed the door.

When she entered the sitting-room had mother then also been in the warm, light atmosphere, and the girl in the pink dress had passed the window with all with that of the sun.

There was a curious majesty about Mrs. Pek's large figure and long face. She was her black hair in pincushions, water waves around her temples. She sat in a rocking chair as if it were a throne, and her hands were clasped in her lap.

“Julia! I am just come to-morrow,” she called out. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

After dinner her father put the hem in the nightgown and her mother bundled him in cloaks and shawls until she looked like a massive pillar standing in the doorway.

“Look out for the fire, Julia,” said she, “I’m not sayin’ I’m surprised. Good night, Frank.”

“Good night, Julia.” Julia opened the door and let in the cat, then she stood looking for a moment after Frank's retreating figure and the sound of his voice.

“Julia! I that you!” called a voice from the sitting-room, and Julia went in hastily and closed the door.

When she entered the sitting-room had mother then also been in the warm, light atmosphere, and the girl in the pink dress had passed the window with all with that of the sun.

There was a curious majesty about Mrs. Pek's large figure and long face. She was her black hair in pincushions, water waves around her temples. She sat in a rocking chair as if it were a throne, and her hands were clasped in her lap.

“Julia! I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

“I am just come to-morrow,” she said. “When do you want to be married?”

DEVOURED BY THE SEA.

The British Coast Strews With wrecks.

HUNDREDS OF LIVES LOST IN THE STORM.

Three Hundred Find. Wrecks Crewn on the French Coast. Stranded by Land and Sea-Vessels Foundered or Broken Ashore by the Seven-Two Hundred Frozen to Death.



REAT Britain's terrible hurricane season with unabated fury. A heavy wind, having increased seriously with the telegraph wire, prevented all reports of shipping.

A dispatch from St. Ives, Cornwall, says that three vessels are adrift in Carrick Bay. The Cymatics, of Liverpool, and the Valente, of Cardiff, have been wrecked, but the crew was saved. The St. Ives is reported to be running rapidly high, and several small craft have been lost. In addition a number of vessels are in dangerous positions and are awaiting the arrival of life-boats.

The storm struck Liverpool to-day, taking much damage. A gale and a heavy rain blew down, burying two boys in the ruins. The lads were reported to be seriously injured. A habitation has gone to the assistance of a distressed vessel sighted off Liverpool.

The experts who are arriving here, after many hours' delay, owing to the break down of the telegraph wire, indicate that an immense amount of damage has been done to shipping throughout the country. At Newhaven, three lives were lost.

A steamer, which started from a French port, was lost near the French coast.

At Scarborough, the fashionable English watering-place, more or less damage has been done to a number of houses. At Sanderson several houses have been partially demolished, killing a woman.

The memory of a paper mill near Kendal fell during the storm, killing three people.

At Dundee a pilot cut r was wrecked in the Bay, and the crew clinging to the wreck for seven hours before they were rescued by a lifeboat. In a small boat, which started from Dundee, and four of her crew were drowned. In addition there were many minor shipwrecks.

A steamer from Falmouth says that the storm culminated in severity on the night of the Tay bridge disaster. The Duke of York, who was sailing with a number of the nobility in the neighborhood of Lyne, was obliged to give up his sport on account of the storm.

The steamer Favre, of Ilfracombe, was seen last night staggering along under short waves, heading up the British Channel. She had a hole in her side, and was discovered from view in a black equal.

It is believed she was capsized and filled and sank, carrying all on board down to the bottom.

This morning the gale is blowing with unabated vigor, and in shipping and insurance circles great fears are expressed for the safety of the coast. The boat that went out from Lyne this morning have passed a harbor. Many of them have returned, leaving in two damaged and rudimentary craft of every description.

Among the fatal disasters already reported is the loss of the British.

British, a vessel of 1,940 tons, belonging to Cardiff. She had a crew of 21 persons. The captain and 10 of the crew are believed to have been lost. Four men have been saved. The steamer is believed to have been sunk off Land's End.

The British steamer Lowett was wrecked in the Tyne this morning. The crew were saved by the life-saving crew and the coast guardmen.

The coasting vessel Jane Douglas is adrift at Hartlepool. Her crew were taken off by a life-saving crew.

Many minor casualties have been reported.

At Huddersfield a chimney fell, killing two people.

A large steamer founded near the rocky headland called Garret, at Sand End, near Bexhill. The shore is strewn with wrecks, and it is learned that the crew, numbering about 25 hands, was lost with the vessel.

The small boat from Dublin to Holyhead to-day was five hours late in making the passage.

Lord and Lady Morton and family had a narrow escape on board their steam yacht which was driven with violence against the pier at Bray, smashing in her stern but, with some difficulty, and prodded a steamer until the gaff was broken.

Another Day of Disaster.

The Valente and the British small steamer, both bound for Liverpool, were driven into the head of St. Ives on the Cornish coast, began dragging their anchors towards evening. Both signalled for help, but none could be sent in so terrible weather. They were driven ashore, and after two hours of perilous work the crew were rescued with life lines by the coast guard and the lifeboat.

Two small boats from Dublin to-day were dashed over them. In the night and this morning not a vestige of either hull was seen.

The people of the Orkney Islands, of the north coast of Scotland, have suffered a terrible loss. Many boats were wrecked yesterday. While houses were levelled and hay stacks were lifted from the fields and blown out to sea. The packet Orey was torn from her moorings and carried out to sea. She had not been seen since.

The packet steamer of Dundee, Captain G. Cuthbertson, most popular steamer, was over driven to the ground.

Signals of distress were seen flying this morning from a vessel, the steamer Dundee of the North Sea.

The fishermen of the North Sea, who have made repeated efforts to get the steamer through the sea to her, but were driven back. They are now making their way to the port of Hartlepool, off the Welsh coast; four of them were breaking up. Six other vessels were making signals of distress.

The Yorkshire coast is strewn thick with wrecks. Near Whitby three vessels went ashore in a night and were driven to pieces as soon as the sun rose.

The crewmen of the Tern and Swan, which were at anchor in Whitby, Lea, County of Lancashire, when the storm began, were here hours before daylight and both were to the bottom.

On Wednesday, County of Norfolk, a steamer, the steamer River Garry, with 100 persons on board, was driven ashore and five of the crew were drowned.

Elsewhere, fishing smacks and small craft of other ports have been reported by the

news as missing from every important port on the coast. The loss of life has been great, but no estimate of the number drowned is possible, as communication with many parts of the coast has been cut off.

Despatches from Havre say that the North Sea has been more or less lost to navigation than in any year. Many ships are known to have been lost; dozens are missing.

The service of ocean steamers has been suspended.

At several points on the coast the marine has failed to move rapidly, and the high waves have piled up great snowdrifts.

Two soldiers were found to-day frozen to death in a drift near Portpatrick.

The British steamship Hampshire, 1,593 tons, went down this morning at Garroad Head, the Cornish coast. All the crew took to the boats. One boat reached shore, and the other went down and was lost. The lifeboat was never found.

The sailors, who were saved, had the storm sprang a leak after having been about by the storm for five hours. She was on her way from Liverpool to Cardiff.

Reports of minor wrecks multiplied rapidly this afternoon. The Norwegian steamer Anna sank of Flissey, on the Yorks coast. Only one of nine aboard was saved.

A trawler went ashore near Ray, on the Caithness coast, and seven of eight in her crew were seriously injured.

The British steamer Princess, 1,700 tons, plying between Sunderland and Bishop Auckland, went the bottom near Flamborough, Yorkshire, with all on board.

A Scotch trawler capsized off Scarborough, Yorkshire, and the eight men aboard her were lost.

At Darlington, 40 miles from York, the Springdale ship works were blown down, causing heavy loss.

Despatches from various points in the north of England report extensive havoc. Hundreds upon hundreds of trees were uprooted, fence and embankments blown down and residence damaged. At Berwick-on-Tweed the rest of the North British Railways were closed, and many towns were affected, including Berwick, which started to take the name of Liverpool.

The storm struck Liverpool to-day, taking much damage. A gale and a heavy rain blew down, burying two boys in the ruins. The lads were reported to be seriously injured. A habitation has gone to the assistance of a distressed vessel sighted off Liverpool.

The experts who are arriving here, after many hours' delay, owing to the break down of the telegraph wire, indicate that an immense amount of damage has been done to shipping throughout the country. At Newhaven, three lives were lost.

At Coal, Yorkshire, three men were washed overboard and drowned.

The ocean of Banffshire, Scotland, is strewn with wrecks. A vessel, believed to be a steamer, was wrecked on Friday night off Lossiemouth, and Bishop's Bay, and the 30 persons were drowned.

A heavy snowstorm prevails in Iceland. Casualties caused by the storm are being reported from many places.

A Norwegian barque founded off Milford Haven, comary of Donegal, Ireland, this afternoon, and the crew of eight were lost.

The steamer Mayo, which plies between Dublin and Liverpool, arrived at the latter port this afternoon. The head of the crew was saved, and three were lost.

At the time of the storm, the steamer Marita, near Brest, France. Fourteen bodies had been washed up on the shore opposite.

At Brest, France, all ships of the Atlantic coast of Spain and Portugal. Great

damage was done at Bilbao and near the river.

Several deaths from drowning in rivers are reported from the interior of Spain.

AT COAST OF IRELAND.

Nature is kinder than the storm to the coast of Ireland.

The signs of impending death, says the Medical Journal, are many and variable.

But two instances are precisely identical. Yet several signs are common to many cases. Many people have an idea that death is necessarily painful, even agonizing, but this is not always the case.

The first sign which characterizes death is that the skin is pale and smooth, should be followed for the first few weeks by the application of an ointment, either immediately or when only occasionally, when an old hard day's work for the hands, will make them look like a corpse.

The second sign is that the hands are

clenched.

Death is a fact which every man must

personally experience, and consequently is of universal interest, and as facts are facts, the true course is to let them squarely in the face, for necessity is real black and death keeps no calendar.

When Hilary Sleeps.

Never use anything but light blankets for the beds of babies, children or delicate adults. Big, strong people can sleep in flannel, but it is wisdom to keep the body dressed night and day in loose material, as to insure a perfect respiration.

When the skin is dry, and the veins are

full of blood, the hands are

clenched.

The second sign is that the hands are

clenched.

Death is a fact which every man must

personally experience, and consequently is

of universal interest, and as facts are facts,

the true course is to let them squarely in

the face, for necessity is real black and

death keeps no calendar.

When Hilary Sleeps.

Never use anything but light blankets for

the beds of babies, children or delicate

adults. Big, strong people can sleep in

flannel, but it is wisdom to keep the body

dressed night and day in loose material,

as to insure a perfect respiration.

When the skin is dry, and the veins are

full of blood, the hands are

clenched.

Death is a fact which every man must

personally experience, and consequently is

of universal interest, and as facts are facts,

the true course is to let them squarely in

the face, for necessity is real black and

death keeps no calendar.

When Hilary Sleeps.

Never use anything but light blankets for

the beds of babies, children or delicate

adults. Big, strong people can sleep in

flannel, but it is wisdom to keep the body

dressed night and day in loose material,

as to insure a perfect respiration.

When the skin is dry, and the veins are

full of blood, the hands are

clenched.

Death is a fact which every man must

personally experience, and consequently is

of universal interest, and as facts are facts,

the true course is to let them squarely in

the face, for necessity is real black and

death keeps no calendar.

When Hilary Sleeps.

Never use anything but light blankets for

the beds of babies, children or delicate

adults. Big, strong people can sleep in

flannel, but it is wisdom to keep the body

dressed night and day in loose material,

as to insure a perfect respiration.

When the skin is dry, and the veins are

full of blood, the hands are

clenched.

Death is a fact which every man must

personally experience, and consequently is

of universal interest, and as facts are facts,

the true course is to let them squarely in

the face, for necessity is real black and

death keeps no calendar.

When Hilary Sleeps.

Never use anything but light blankets for

the beds of babies, children or delicate

adults. Big, strong people can sleep in

flannel, but it is wisdom to keep the body

dressed night and day in loose material,

as to insure a perfect respiration.

When the skin is dry, and the veins are

full of blood, the hands are

clenched.

Death is a fact which every man must

personally experience, and consequently is

of universal interest, and as facts are facts,

the true course is to let them squarely in

the face, for necessity is real black and

death keeps no calendar.

When Hilary Sleeps.

Never use anything but light blankets for

the beds of babies, children or delicate

adults. Big, strong people can sleep in

flannel, but it is wisdom to keep the body

dressed night and day in loose material,

as to insure a perfect respiration.

When the skin is dry, and the veins are

full of blood, the hands are

clenched.

Death is a fact which every man must

personally experience, and consequently is

of universal interest, and as facts are facts,

the true course is to let them squarely in

the face, for necessity is real black and

death keeps no calendar.

When Hilary Sleeps.

Never use anything but light blankets for

the beds of babies, children or delicate

adults. Big, strong people can sleep in

flannel, but it is wisdom to keep the body

dressed night and day in loose material,

as to insure a perfect respiration.

When the skin is dry, and the veins are

full of blood, the hands are

clenched.

Death is a fact which every man must

personally experience, and consequently is

of universal interest, and as facts are facts,

the true course is to let them squarely in

the face, for necessity is real black and

death keeps no calendar.

When Hilary Sleeps

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1893

LOCAL NEWS.

Now Sunday next do not forget

the 1894

The Elkton post office will be re-

solved on the 1st of January, 1894.

CAROUSEL AND

CARNIVAL

The Chariot C.

will be given

on the 1st

Mr. B. D. Ford received on Brandon

yesterday morning's express an

wrecker's telegram. It reads:

The following is all that

Fitzpatrick

Fleming together with

the others

of last week.

One of our

newspapers

has a

newspaper

We have received the first number of

the Broadview Sentinel. It is a very

newspaper owned by a first-class company

represented by Mr. A. W. Black

The Elkton

newspaper

is the

Foresters Hall

and the

Home

Xmas tree

is the

Mr. Good

of

Tuesday last, when

our Xmas

tree

had not much

water

water

Mr. J. R. M. was

columns of

the

People of

the

Army

also for

Waterloo

Hugh McRae

F.

account

level

service of 75c.

The

and

should be in the hands of every tax-

er.

To be sold from the Secretary of the

Farmers' Institute, A. M. Bradford

The Elkton Advocate is now published

from the Industrial Department of the

Wabakada Indian Home. It is neatly

printed and replete with interesting news

of the locality in which it is published—

Winnipeg Tribune.

We welcome among our readers

this week the Elkton Advocate. The

Advocate ceased publication for some

months but has again made its appearance.

We are sure that under the able

management of Mr. W. J. Thompson the

success of it is assured.—Fort William

Evening

During the last blizzard some unfortunate citizen was made the poorer by the loss of a tablecloth. Whether the wind blew it off the table or out of the hands of some maiden who was skating it, is not yet determined; but it landed in Mr. Broadley's yard where it was obtained in application by the owner.

The Union Sunday School Christmas

entertainment held on Saturday evening

the 23rd, was a decided success. The

chair was occupied by Mr. Joe Broadley.

After an excellent program by the children of the school, Santa Claus arrived and

proceeded to liven up the hearts of the

young folks by a very liberal distribution

of presents.

The first edition of the revived Elk-

horn Advocate was issued last week.

It is a neatly printed eight page, six

column folio, well filled with local and

general news. Mr. W. J. Thompson

formerly of the Cudworth is editor

and manager, and will devote his best

efforts to promoting the interest of the

town and surrounding district.—Virden

Chronicle.

The Wabakada Indian Home carp-

enter shop is getting some free advertising

in Whitewood lately owing to the fact

that the seats for the Agricultural Hall

were made here. The Directors have

been severely censured for having the

work done outside the town, but have re-

plied that they would not have done so

had it been possible to secure as good

workmanship at the same price.

This speaks volumes for foreman Simington

and his staff.

Farmer's Institute, Dennis No. 2, held

a meeting in the Foresters' Hall, on Sat-

urday the 23rd, at which Mr. Bradford

, C. Freeman and

Gen. Allison. These three gentlemen

all gave short, practical, pointed

to farmers. The meeting was well attended

and much interest manifested. A vote of

thanks was tendered the speakers at the

close. It was moved by Mr. Jones and

seconded by W. Bailey that a petition be

presented to the Government

to compel the C. P. R. engine to carry

efficient spark arresters. The first meet-

ing of the Institute will be held on the

1st January, when Dr. A. Mc-

Bainbridge, V. S., will give an address on

the subject.

The Chariot C.

will be given

on the 1st

Mr. B. D. Ford received on Brandon

yesterday morning's express an

wrecker's telegram. It reads:

The following is all that

Fitzpatrick

Fleming together with

the others

of last week.

One of our

newspapers

has a

newspaper

We have received the first number of

the Broadview Sentinel. It is a very

newspaper owned by a first-class company

represented by Mr. A. W. Black

The Elkton

newspaper

is the

Foresters Hall

and the

Home

Xmas tree

is the

Mr. Good

of

Tuesday last, when

our Xmas

tree

had not much

water

water

Mr. J. R. M. was

columns of

the

People of

the

Army

also for

Waterloo

Hugh McRae

F.

account

level

service of 75c.

The

and

should be in the hands of every tax-

er.

To be sold from the Secretary of the

Farmers' Institute, A. M. Bradford

The Elkton Advocate is now published

from the Industrial Department of the

Wabakada Indian Home. It is neatly

printed and replete with interesting news

of the locality in which it is published—

Winnipeg Tribune.

The Union Sunday School Christmas

entertainment held on Saturday evening

the 23rd, was a decided success. The

chair was occupied by Mr. Joe Broadley.

After an excellent program by the children of the school, Santa Claus arrived and

proceeded to liven up the hearts of the

young folks by a very liberal distribution

of presents.

The first edition of the revived Elk-

horn Advocate was issued last week.

It is a neatly printed eight page, six

column folio, well filled with local and

general news. Mr. W. J. Thompson

formerly of the Cudworth is editor

and manager, and will devote his best

efforts to promoting the interest of the

town and surrounding district.—Virden

Chronicle.

The Wabakada Indian Home carp-

enter shop is getting some free advertising

in Whitewood lately owing to the fact

that the seats for the Agricultural Hall

were made here. The Directors have

been severely censured for having the

work done outside the town, but have re-

plied that they would not have done so

had it been possible to secure as good

workmanship at the same price.

This speaks volumes for foreman Simington

and his staff.

The Chariot C.

will be given

on the 1st

Mr. B. D. Ford received on Brandon

yesterday morning's express an

wrecker's telegram. It reads:

The following is all that

Fitzpatrick

Fleming together with

the others

of last week.

One of our

newspapers

has a

newspaper

We have received the first number of

the Broadview Sentinel. It is a very

newspaper owned by a first-class company

represented by Mr. A. W. Black

The Elkton

newspaper

is the

Foresters Hall

and the

Home

Xmas tree

is the

Mr. Good

of

Tuesday last, when

our Xmas

tree

had not much

water

water

Mr. J. R. M. was

columns of

the

People of

the

Army

also for

Waterloo

Hugh McRae

F.

account